

Shems. Night, Aug 20/17.

Dear Vicki and Jim,

The next time I write I will be able to tell you about my deep-sea fishing trip. Uncle Cully is going to take Gail and me fishing next Monday. We will leave Bellevue at 12:30 A.M. Mon. morning and have breakfast in Uluwatu and the charter boat will take off at 6: A.M.

Gail and I have never gone salmon fishing and everyone tells me how sick the rough ocean will make me. Dad said that now I will really be able to prove to him just how strong I am in my theory of the power of suggestion.

The big milestone in my life today was that I had the house exterminated for spiders. Everyone I have talked to has spider problems. I guess they are especially bad this year and altho I have always sprayed and sprayed I still occasionally see one. I know how we hate them and since Gail stays here most of the time I finally

thought of calling the exterminators. It cost only 25 dollars for a very thorough job so now there isn't an ant or a spider or any crawling thing around. The outside and the inside was exterminated. It's supposed to be effective for a year but I plan to have it done again in less time than it took just to be on the safe side.

When Gail came home from work this afternoon she went thru the cupboards and ate whatever she could find, even plain chocolate chips. She always hates herself for eating. It happened to have a big roast in the oven which just killed her because she hadn't had a roast in months. Anyway when I served the dinner we sliced just how the roast and when it was passed to Gail she took the whole half that was it sliced. I want her to eat but it is just unbelievable how much a little thing can put so much inside of her. Then we heard the ice cream man coming so we rushed outside to buy ice cream bars.

Gail told me not to have rushed for dinner tomorrow night but Dad has ordered steamed chicken and dumplings and so that's what I am having. Mary and Mike will be here also.

Gegg will graduate from boot-camp ~~on~~ Sept. 7th. He thinks you two can easily drive down to N.C. and find them on opt. but Gail doesn't think it is quite that simple for you.

Uncle Harold is switching over to another Ford agency, Friday, in Balloune (Eastgate). Little Mike still has his problem and has the treatments and it is a worry.

We had a freshie from my garden tonight for dinner. My garden has been free for us to eat but quite unsuccessful. Next year I will know a lot more.

I surely will remember to buy stationary tomorrow.

Love,
Mom.

P.S. How is the beard progressing?